and heere ile be and there ile be, for our Towne, and here againe, and there againe: ha, Boyes, heigh for the weavers.

1. This muſt be done i'th woods.

4. O pardon me.

2. By any meanes our thing of learning ſees ſo: where he himſelfe will edifie the Duke moſt parlouſly in our behalfes: hees excellent i'th woods, bring him to'th plaines, his learning makes no cry.

3. Weele ſee the ſports, then every man to's Tackle: and Sweete Companions lets rehearſe by any meanes before The Ladies ſee us, and doe ſweetly, and God knows what May come on't.

4. Content; the ſports once ended, wee'l performe. Away Boyes and hold.

Arc. By your leaves honeſt friends: pray you whither goe you.

4. Whither? why, what a queſtion's that?

Arc. Yes, tis a queſtion, to me that know not.

3. To the *Games* my Friend.

2. Where were you bred you know it not?

Arc. Not farre Sir,
Are there ſuch *Games* to day?

1. Yes marry are there:
And ſuch as you never ſaw; The *Duke* himſelfe
Will be in perſon there.

Arc. What paſtimes are they?

2. Wraſtling, and Running; Tis a pretty Fellow.

3. Thou wilt not goe along.

Arc. Not yet Sir.

4. Well Sir
Take your owne time, come Boyes

1. My minde miſgives me
This fellow has a veng'ance tricke o'th hip,
Marke how his Bodi's made for't

2. Ile be hangd though
If he dare venture, hang him plumb porredge,
He wraſtle? he roſt eggs. Come lets be gon Lads. *Exeunt 4.*

Arc.

Arc. This is an offerd oportunity
I durſt not wiſh for. Well, I could have wreſtled,
The beſt men call'd it excellent, and run
Swifter, then winde upon a feild of Corne
(Curling the wealthy eares) never flew: Ile venture,
And in ſome poore diſguize be there, who knowes
Whether my browes may not be girt with garlands?
And happines preferre me to a place,
Where I may ever dwell in ſight of her. *Exit Arcite,*

Scæna 4. *Enter Iailors Daughter alone.*

Daugh. Why ſhould I love this Gentleman? Tis odds
He never will affect me; I am baſe,
My Father the meane Keeper of his Priſon,
And he a prince; To marry him is hopeleſſe;
To be his whore, is witles; Out upon't;
What puſhes are we wenches driven to
When fifteene once has found us? First I ſaw him,
I (ſeeing) thought he was a goodly man;
He has as much to pleaſe a woman in him,
(If he pleaſe to beſtow it ſo) as ever
Theſe eyes yet lookt on; Next, I pittied him,
And ſo would any young wench o'my Conſcience
That ever dream'd, or vow'd her Maydenhead
To a yong handſom Man; Then I lov'd him,
(Extreamely lov'd him) infinitely lov'd him;
And yet he had a Coſen, faire as he too.
But in my heart was *Palamon*, and there
Lord, what a coyle he keepes? To heare him
Sing in an evening, what a heaven it is?
And yet his Songs are ſad-ones; Fairer ſpoken,
Was never Gentleman. When I come in
To bring him water in a morning, firſt
He bowes his noble body, then ſalutes me, thus:
Faire, gentle Mayde, good morrow, may thy goodnes,
Get thee a happy husband; Once he kiſt me,
I lov'd my lips the better ten daies after,
Would he would doe ſo ev'ry day; He greives much,
And me as much to ſee his miſery.

What